

The second part of

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull fathers
Haue broke their sleepe with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with industry:
For this they haue ingrossed and pilld vp,
The cankered heapes of strange atcheeu'd gold:
For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inuest
Their sonnes with arts and martiall exercises,
When like the bee toling from euery flower,
Our thigh, packt with waxe, our mouthes with honey,
We bring it to the hiue: and like the bees,
Are mured for our paines, this bitter taste
Yeelds his engrossments to the ending father,
Now where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sicknesse hands determin'd me. *Enter Warwicke.*

War. My Lord, I found the prince in the next roome,
Washing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
VVith such a deepe demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which neuer quast but bloud,
VVould by beholding him, haue washt his knife,
VVith gentle eie-drops, hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*

King. But wherefore did he take away the crowne?

Loe where he comes, come hither to me Harry,
Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone.

exeunt.

Harry. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wish was father (Harry,) to that thought
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee,
Dost thou so hunger for mine emptie chaire,
That thou wilt needes inuest thee with my honors,
Before thy howre be ripe! O foolish youth,
Thou seekst the greatnesse that will ouerwhelme thee,
Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
Is held from falling with so weake a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,
Thou hast stolne that, which after some few houres,
VVere thine, without offence, and at my death,
Thou hast seald vp my expectation,

Thy

Henry the fourth.

Thy life did manifest thou lou'dst me not,
And thou wilt haue me die, assurde of it,
Thou hidst a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
VVhom thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at halfe an hower of my life.
VVhat, canst thou not forbear me halfe an hower?
Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
And bid the mery bells ring to thine care,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead:
Let all the teares that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head,
Only compouund me with forgotten dust.
Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,
Plucke downe my officers, breake my decrees,
For now a time is come to mocke at Forme:
Harry the first is crownd, vp vanitie,
Downe royall state, all you sage counsaillers, hence,
And to the English Court assemble now
From euery region, apes of idlenesse:
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your scumme
Haue you a ruffin that will sweare, drinke, daunce,
Reuell the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest finnes, the newest kind of waies?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England shal double gild his trebble gilt,
England shal giue him office, honour, might:
For the first Harry, from curbd licence, plucks
The muffle of restraint, and the wild dogge
Shal flesh his tooth on euery innocent.
O my poore kingdom! sicke with ciuill blowes:
VVhen that my care could not withhold thy riots,
VVhat wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O thou wilt be a wildernes againe,
Peopled with woolues, thy old inhabitants.

Prince. O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,
The moist impediments vnto my speech,

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